Now dee you know the reaſon of this haſte?
Fri. I would I knew not why it ſhould be ſlowed.
Looke ſir here comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter. Iuliet.

Par. Happily met my Lady and my wife.
Iu. That may be ſir, when I may be a wife.
Pa. That may be muſt be loue, on Thurſday next.
Iu. What muſt be, ſhall be.
Fri. Thats a certayne text.
Par. Come you to make confeſſion to this Father?
Iu. To anſwere that, I ſhould confeſſe to you.
Pa. Doe not denie to him, that you loue me.
Iu. I will confeſſe to you that I loue him.
Par. So will ye, I am ſure that you loue me.
Iu. If I doe ſo, it will bee of more price,
Being ſpoke behind your backe, then to your face.
Par. Poore ſoule thy face is much abuſd with teares.
Iu. The teares haue got ſmall victorie by that,
For it was bad enough before their ſpight.
Pa. Thou wrongſt it more then teares with that report.
Iu. That is ſlander ſir, which is a truth,
And what I ſpake, I ſpake it to my face.
Pa. Thy face is mine, and thou haſt ſlaundred it.
Iu. It may be ſo, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leaſure, holy Father now,
Or ſhall I come to you at Euening Maſſe?
Fri. My leiſure ſerues me, penſiue Daughter now,
My Lord we muſt intreate the time alone.
Pa. Godſhield, I ſhould diſturbe deuotion,
Iuliet, on Thurſday early will I rowſe yee,
Till then adue, and keepe this holy kiſſe. *Exit.*
Iu. O ſhut the doore, and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weepe with me, paſt hope, paſt care, paſt helpe.
Fri. O *Iuliet* I already know thy griefe,
It ſtraines me paſt the compaſſe of my wits,
I heare thou muſt, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thurſday next be married to this Countie.

Iu.

Iu. Tell me not *Frier* that thou heareſt of this,
Vnleſſe thou tell me how I may preuent it:
If in thy wiſdome thou canſt giue no helpe,
Doe thou but call my reſolution wiſe,
And with this Knife, Ile helpe it preſently,
God ioynd my heart, and *Romeos*, thou our hands
And ere this hand by thee to *Romeos* ſeald:
Shall be the Labell to another deed,
Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,
Turne to another, this ſhall ſlay them both:
Therefore out of thy long experien'ſt time,
Giue me ſome preſent counſell, or behold
Twixt my extremes and me, this bloudy Knife
Shall play the Vmpire, arbitrating that,
Which the commiſſion of thy yeares and art,
Could to no iſſue of true honour bring:
Be not ſo long to ſpeake, I long to dye,
If what thou ſpeak'ſt, ſpeake not of remedie.
Fri. Hold daughter, I doe ſpy a kind of hope,
Which craues as deſperate an execution.
As that is deſperate which we would preuent.
If rather then to marrie Countie *Paris*
Thou haſt the ſtrength of will to ſlay thy ſelfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chide away this ſhame,
That coop'ſt with death himſelfe, to ſcape from it.
And if thou dareſt, Ile giue thee remedie.
Iu. Oh bid me leape, rather then marry *Paris*,
From of the battlements of any Tower,
Or walke in theeuiſh wayes, or bid me lurke
Where Serpents are: chaine me with roring Beares
Or hide me nightly in a Charnell houſe,
Ore couered quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With reekie ſhankes and yellow chapleſſe ſculs:
Or bid me goe into a new made graue,
And hide me with a dead man in his ſhroud,
Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremb